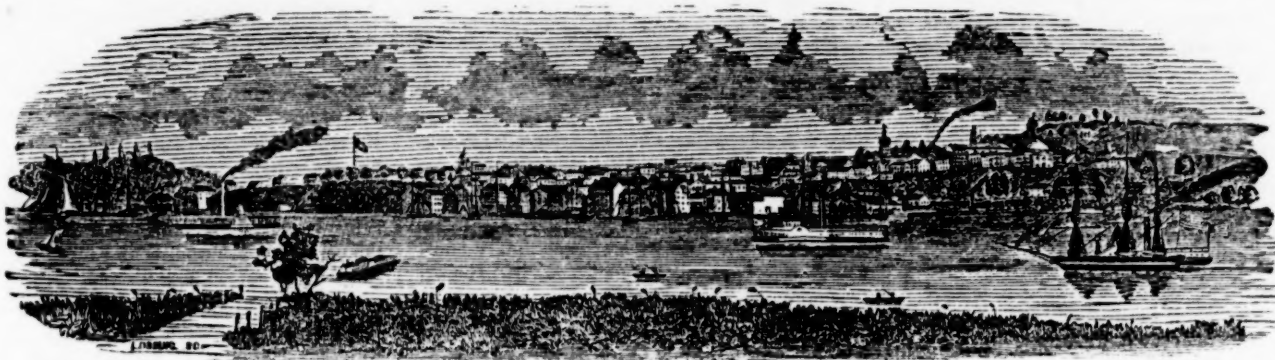


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ANDREW DUCROW.



SOMEWHERE about the close of the last century, from that land so famous for its schiedam, fogs, dykes, and double-backed dutchmen came a celebrated individual yclept Mynheer von Ducrow, with but few incumbrances, if we except a peaceful family of four or five innocents. Immediately on his arrival in England, Mynheer was engaged by the late Philip Astley for his theatre, and made his

first appearance there in an English entertainment called "Tilking," or imitations of various birds and feats of strength, one of which consisted of holding between his teeth a table, on which his before mentioned family were placed, without any support whatever. In the short space of a week after Mynheer von Ducrow's arrival in London, he received an addition to his numerous family in the

person of Master Andrew Ducrow, the present Napoleon of the arena, who first paid this world a visit on the 10th of October, 1793, the favored spot being the borough of Southwark. In 1813 his respected parent left old Astley, and joined the company at the Royal Circus, where Andrew, now a young and a merry man, was engaged as an equestrian, though he always manifested a stronger desire for drawing horses than riding them, for whenever missed—and that not seldom—he was certain to be discovered in some obscure corner, coloring insignificant designs with an equally insignificant box of paints, which he always carried carefully concealed about his person, from the prying and unartist-like eyes of his cruel father, who phlegmatically destroyed his pictorial efforts whenever he could lay his hands on them. It was not before the year 1814 that he showed any germs of that talent which has so richly ripened; he then brought himself into considerable notice by his personation of Eloi, the dumb boy, in the "Dog of Montargis." About this time his father died, leaving the whole support of the family to our hero, who, after the disputes relating to the Circus and its consequent close, returned to Astley's, and introduced the classical and graceful representation of the Gladiator on horseback, a style of pantomime at that day perfectly new, though not sufficiently appreciated, the audience preferring the senseless and attempted drollery of clowns and mummery in the pure and classic chastity of Ducrow's efforts.

After remaining at Astley's one season he, in company with his family, embarked for the continent, and played with great fame and profit in most of the principal towns; so much so that after his return he was enabled to become a master where he had formerly been content as a servant.

His first continental appearance was in Holland, at Blondin's Cirque Olympique, where he arrived with one horse named Jack, but his success was so great that he was speedily enabled to increase, and lay the foundation of his present unrivalled stud. His act of the "Sabines," in the ancient amphitheatre of Rheims, was terrific, and formed the most astonishing entertainment ever attempted. In France his company consisted merely of the members of his own family. Here he produced his "Cupid and Zephyr," "Red

Riding Hood," etc. etc. in which he was accompanied by his sister, then a child three or four years old, whose performances have never yet been equalled by children of the present day.

At Paris he was engaged by Franconi: his style was perfectly original, he being the first person that ever introduced an equestrian pageant or entree; his performances on six horses were likewise never before attempted by any equestrian. In fact at Paris he was the rage, and the enthusiastic Parisians worshipped Ducrow as the first horseman in the world!

When Elliston produced the "Cataract of the Ganges," at Drury Lane, in 1823, the managers of Covent Garden, to divide the attraction, offered terms to Ducrow, which he accepted, and made his first appearance in London at a principal theatre in the opera of "Cortez," in which he was eminently successful.—Davis fearing so talented a rival, proffered him a share in the management of Astley's which was cheerfully accepted; and on Easter Monday, 1824, he again appeared there and introduced his novel *effects* in the equestrian art, giving intellect to that species of performance which is naturally of the most unintellectual grade and the town rescued its taste from contempt by flocking to witness his performance. The lease of the premises having shortly afterwards expired, the owners demanded a considerable advance of rent, which Davis refusing, Ducrow induced Mr. West to join him, and, having obtained his consent a renewal of the lease was granted in their joint names, and under their management the theatre, which had sunk to a comparative low ebb from the parsimony of Davis, again flourished and became one of the most fashionable resorts in the metropolis and after that moment enjoyed a greater share of popularity than ever. Mr. Ducrow's most distinguished performances is his impersonation of antique statutes, under the title of "Raphael's Dream."

In November, 1832, his late Majesty, William IV. sent for him, and desired an arena to be built within the pavilion, at Brighton, in order to witness this performance—likewise several of his most admired feats of horsemanship. On the 26th of December, 1833, Ducrow produced "St. George and the Dragon," at Drury Lane. This was undoubtedly the most magnificent spectacle ever represented upon the English stage, and as an instance of his indefatigable industry and perseverance, we may here state that he superintended the whole preparation of this piece upon one leg, his left foot suffering during the time from a severe burn, and until the evening of the performance he was totally unable to place his foot upon the ground. Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, honored the theatre with her presence to witness this spectacle, for which production he received from the lessee of the theatre a gold and silver vase. In the following year he brought out "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," which was equally successful, and the same compliment of a vase was presented to him. Queen Adelaide, to express her admiration of this spectacle, ordered one hundred pounds to be distributed among the performers. The company of the Royal Amphitheatre also presented him with an elegant gold and silver snuff box, with a suitable inscription.

In 1834 he had the misfortune to lose his brother, Mr. John Ducrow, the clown, and in 1836 his amiable wife, the late Madam Ducrow, a lady most highly respected, to whom he had been married

eighteen years. Mr. Ducrow's success in the provincial towns is unrivaled—he is decidedly the Colossus of equestrians. His last production, "The Dumb Man of Manchester," may rank among the best efforts of pantomime.—He is possessed of a very impetuous temper, but is exceedingly generous and unaffected. In his profession he is an enthusiast, no difficulties deter him, no expense stays his hand. The spectacles he superintends he seeks to render perfection; and that range of business which few men dare attempt—that Mr. Ducrow completes with apparent ease. There are many anecdotes extant exhibiting his extraordinary courage and self-possession. One, the veracity of which is beyond doubt, we will present to our readers.

One morning, at rehearsal, Herr Cline de *clined* ascending from the stage to the gallery as a dangerous experiment. "What," said Ducrow, "afraid of hurting yourself, I suppose. I'm not pretty and have nothing to fear. Give me the pole." And in his dressing gown and *slippers* he ascended and descended—an attempt amounting almost to madness, and at which even the practised performers at his theatre shuddered.

The foregoing is taken from the first volume of "Actors by Daylight." Mr. Ducrow died a short time since in England, and has left behind him no person qualified to wear the mantle of his genius.

TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE PERFECT WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WHEN a man makes choice of a wife——"

"He takes to himself a blessing or a curse."

"Yes: I suppose that is the real truth. A woman has it in her power to make a man comparatively happy or miserable."

"Not only comparatively, but really so."

"Of that there may be some doubt, except in very extraordinary instances. A man himself does much towards determining the quality of his wife's influence upon him."

"No doubt he does something. But a right-minded woman, who truly loves her husband, can make all at home bright with sunshine; while a selfish, discontented woman will bring clouds over the clearest sky. Somehow or other I can hardly define the reason that there are so few wives who at all appreciate the trials which their husbands have to undergo in their struggles with the world, or who seem to think that, after coming home chafed, perhaps, and fretted from irritating contact with selfish men around them, they need soothing quiet and tender ministrations, such as only a wife can give. Yet, so far as my observation goes, but few husbands are strengthened at home for the renewed struggles of the next day. The wife has her own troubles and domestic distractions to worry her mind, and instead of reflecting that these are trifles compared to what her husband has to encounter, and from which he has retired dispirited, it may be, and worn down, dins them in his ears and frets upon her little stage, until the poor man feels that life has not a single quiet spot of repose in all its dreary desert. A certain writer, speaking on this subject, says, most truly:—'No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprize and action—but to sustain him, he needs a tranquil

mind and a whole heart. He expends his moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness or gloom; or is assailed by discontentment, by complaint or reproach, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes and the man sinks into total despair.' Alas, alas! how many a spirit is thus broken. I could point to a dozen cases within the narrow circle of my own observation. For one, when I marry it will be after I have scanned the habits, feelings and character of the woman I choose with microscope closeness."

"All right, of course. But do you expect to find a wife any more perfect as a woman than you are as a man?"

"I expect to find a wife who will love me. That ought to cover the whole ground."

"It ought to do so, certainly; and it would, if women were as perfect now as when created. But they, as well as we, are not in the order of their creation. If we had no moral perversions, we should not be irritated and disappointed in our intercourse with the world, and should not, therefore, come home with exhausted strength, to recruit ourselves for a fresh struggle. Nor would women, were they not also morally perverted, fret as you say, 'upon their little stage,' and meet their husbands at times in a mood as little conducive to domestic felicity as that brought home to them by their very patient and loving lords."

This conversation took place between two young men who were much together and between whom a warm friendship existed. They usually talked to each other with freedom and familiarity. The name of one was Belding. He it was who looked for perfection in a wife. The other, named Carson, had clearer views on all subjects than his friend. His regard for and consideration of others was higher. He looked more to his duty of striving to bless than to himself as a recipient of everything. Each had, unacknowledged to the other, made choice of a wife, provided the maiden so chosen did not object to the selection. In making this choice, each had been governed by his ruling affections. Belding sought a perfect character, and turned from one and another successively, until he had found a woman who seemed almost faultless. Her features were regular and beautiful, her face calm, her voice even. She never exhibited strong emotions or betrayed any weaknesses. Clara Lyon was in the eyes of her lover a perfect woman.

Carson, on the other hand, did not expect a faultless wife. He did not ask how far the woman he chose would be able to lay aside all thought of herself and consider only him; but rather looked right to her heart, and sought to determine its quality—to see if he could love her and if she were capable of loving him. This determined, natural perversions of character were next observed. But the true heart, the upright will, the loving, confiding disposition of Anna Williams over-balanced all these.

"She shall be mine. We will love each other, bear with each other, and help each other along the rough paths of life's weary pilgrimage," he said, with a warm glow about his heart.

The maiden gave consent. Marriage soon followed. The friends began a new life. They had taken to themselves, in the language of Belding, a blessing or a curse? Let us see.

Conscious defect of character, when accompanied by pride and a love of approbation leads to the assumption of an artificial exterior, which is opposite to the real internal. Clara Lyon was naturally impatient; this led her to assume a uniform calmness of manner. She modulated her tone of voice, and controlled the muscles of her face without really reflecting that she was, by so doing, only accumulating her natural defects and perverseness within, instead of correcting them and letting them pass off. Little things fretted her, but pride, not principle, made her conceal all this. She hid her defects, instead of fighting against and expelling them.

A man of truer discernment than Belding would have soon detected all this. But his false views had taken from him the faculty of close discrimination.

For a few months everything went on pleasantly enough. Home was a sweet spot to the young husband. His wife was ever ready to greet him with smiles. All was sunshine. But, in the nature of things, this could not last. Little and by little Belding's eyes were opened, and, to his surprise and chagrin, he saw that Clara was not the faultless creature he had supposed. An impatient temper had more than once showed itself; also fretfulness. Things did not always go on right at home. Domesticities were careless, wasteful, irregular, indifferent; or possessed of other annoying faults. Having no orderly habits herself, and possessing no firmness and decision of character, Clara permitted these things to fret her sorely.

One day, about six months after their marriage, Belding suffered a good deal of anxiety on account of business matters that did not go on right. An operation that promised fairly had turned out disastrously. A creditor who owed him two thousand dollars had failed; and two or three other things occurred to disturb his mind. At dinner-time he was silent and thoughtful; nor did his wife seem inclined for conversation. During the afternoon he was closely engaged in adjusting several accounts. As the day began to close in, he shut the books, over which he had been toiling, and leaned his head, with a feeling of sadness, upon his hand. He felt oppressed and dispirited. The profits of a whole year had been swept away; and, in the mood he then was, he suffered doubt as to the ultimate success of business to steal over his mind.

In this unhappy frame he turned his steps homeward, with a feeling such as the worn-out mariner may be supposed to have on approaching a pleasant port. The thoughts of its quiet repose and of the smiling angel who made all bright there with her presence, warmed his bosom.

"Away these gloomy thoughts and this sad countenance," he said as he approached his door. "Let not my presence bring with it a shadow."

The dinner, it so happened, had been badly cooked that day. Mrs. Belding had complained of this to the cook before it was served and the cook replied with ill-concealed anger. After her husband, whose manner at the table she attributed to the badly served meal, had gone out, Clara went into the kitchen and scolded the cook roundly for her carelessness, and in so doing evinced a good share of ill-regulated temper. The lady of the culinary

department had as much spirit as her mistress and retorted coarsely. She was told that she might quit on the instant. A demand for her wages followed promptly; they were paid and Mrs. Belding was without a cook.

"Was ever a woman so tried?" she exclaimed, on retiring to her chamber and shutting herself in. A good crying spell followed. After this came thoughts of the troubles that were to follow. She knew enough of the character of the chambermaid to know that she would at once object to going into the kitchen, even as a temporary measure, until a new cook could be found. She could not do the cooking herself and the meals must be got ready. To add to the uncomfortableness of her situation, the excitement of mind under which she was laboring brought on a nervous headache, the effect of which compelled her to go to bed and lie a greater part of the afternoon. Towards evening, the violence of the pain having subsided, she arose and called Margaret, the chambermaid; Margaret came into her presence with a grave face. She knew what was coming.

"Margaret, Hetty has gone away, and you will have to cook until I get some one in her place. I will attend to the chambers. To-morrow I will try to supply her place."

Margaret looked displeased. She made no reply, but retired slowly.

"Wretched creatures, all!" said Mrs. Belding, in an impatient voice, "No principle—no feeling."

Chafing herself by such thoughts, the wife sat in her chamber until night-fall. No lamp was brought to her, as was usual. This fretted her still more.

"I don't believe there is a light in the passage or parlor," she murmured, as she heard the street door open and her husband's step below. Slowly rising, she groped her way out of her room, for it was not quite dark, and along the passage until she reached the stairway. A dim light shone from the kitchen; that was all.

"Margaret! why in the world haven't you lighted the passage lamp?" she called down in a fretful voice. That voice fell harshly upon the ear of her husband and sent a cold feeling to his heart.

The chambermaid came from the kitchen, muttering to herself, and lit the hall lamp.

"There is no light either in the parlor or dining-room," Mrs. Belding said, still more impatiently, as Margaret turned to go back to the kitchen.

These omissions were supplied, but with such a bad grace that it was only by an effort that Clara kept her feeling from boiling over.

Poor Belding! all his sweet hopes of sunshine, quiet, and the soothing influence of home fled in an instant. He did not take into consideration, for a moment, that his wife might have her trials as severe to her as were his trials to him. He only saw an exhibition of ill-temper because the lamps were not lit. Moodily he set down upon a sofa, Clara sinking into a chair near him.

"I am tried beyond all patience!" the wife said.

No why or wherefore, was asked. Mr. Belding did not even look into her face. There was a brief silence. Then, in a fretful tone, all the disagreeable occurrences of the day were related by Clara. These were contrasted, in his own mind by the husband, with what he had undergone, and were pronounced, trifles light as air in comparison. Clara was mentally blamed and with much severity, for making the home where he had looked for

sweet peace, a spot in which discord reigned. What was the loss of a cook or a neglect to light the lamps, compared with the anxieties, losses, disappointments and labors which he had borne? "Nothing!"

To all her complaints he made no reply, although tempted to do so in no very pleasant way. His silence and the frown that rested on his brow, threw a dark shadow upon the heart of his wife. To her, the troubles she had felt and complained of were real. But her complaints had evidently been an offence to her husband. He did not sympathize with nor feel for her. Wounded and dissatisfied by this, tears came to her eyes and she wept with involuntary bitterness. For this weakness she was chided by her husband, and the cause of her trouble called a mere trifle that no sensible woman ought to feel disturbed about for a moment; intimating, at the same time, that if she had a few of his anxieties to bear, she might complain with some reason. Of course, this did not help matters any. The husband seemed harsh and unfeeling. Both were rendered ten times more unhappy.

It was a full week before the sunlight broke in upon their dwelling, and then it came reflected through a humid atmosphere. Clara could not help feeling that her husband had been unkind and indifferent; and he permitted himself to think that she was fretful and thoughtless of the duty that devolved upon her of making his home a pleasant spot, where he could retire from the wearying cares and anxieties of world.

"She never seems to think," he would sometimes say to himself, "how hard are my trials in the world. How much I have to bear or how exhausted I sometimes feel when I turn homeward my steps and long for peace, sweet peace, and a face of love. Ah! if Clara would only think of this!"

Clara would have thought of this, for she truly loved her husband, if he had helped her to do so. If he had only borne with her for a little while and led her mind to reflect; if he had sympathized with her as he should have done and thus strengthened her hands to uphold his. But his selfishness—his want of consideration for his wife, reacted upon him and made him unhappy. Instead of helping each other to correct their faults, the painful fact has to be stated, that as months and years passed on and each acted out more frequently his or her real states, a partial estrangement instead of conjunction of mind took place. They bore with each other it is true. The husband patiently endured his wife's fretful temper when it became excited, as it often did, and she met him with complainings frequently at a time when a placid face and a quiet tone of voice would have been balm to a tried heart that had buffeted hard with a selfish world during the day; and the wife bore the gloomy silence and often morose temper of her husband without an external murmur, while in her heart she perhaps at the same time yearned to throw herself upon his bosom and chase with a smile of love the clouds from his heart. Thus they are passing along their way through life. A little forbearance and a little mutual sympathy at first; a little more of love and less of selfish feeling, would have enabled them to start fair. But the twig was bent wrong at first and the tree has now become so hardened that no training can possibly restore it to perfect order and beauty.

Carson, as has been seen, in choosing Anna Wil-

liam for his wife, had not looked so much for perfection, as to positive qualities of mind that he could love. He loved Anna, and desired to make her happy and to be happy with her. He thought more of how he should make life a pleasant journey for her, than for him. She would make it pleasant for him. He delighted to think, as much as did his friend Belding, of the quiet fireside shut in from the busy, jostling world; but he did think of it as a place delightful only to himself, nor of his wife, the sweet angel of his paradise, as one whose highest sphere of action was to make all sunshine for him.

Like the first few months of his friend's wedded life, a half year rolled by without a jar of discord. With both Mr. and Mrs. Carson, there had been what may be called an artificial exterior, closing over and perfectly concealing their two interior states. The time had come when this must be laid aside. But voluntarily; not as the result of a determination of mind, but naturally and unanimously.

Domestic trouble, such as afflicted Mrs. Belding, had to be borne by Mrs. Carson; and, sometimes, they were not borne more patiently. Business cares and perplexities; losses, and crosses, and irritations assailed Mr. Carson as well as Mr. Belding; and, it not unfrequently happened, that on coming home, worn out in body and mind and longing for peace, he found no true peace where he had been most certain of finding it. His wife had suffered her trials also, and her mind was as much disturbed as his. On such occasions, he usually forgot, or studiously concealed his own disquietude, in his desire and effort to chase the cloud from the spirits of his wife.

An occurrence not very dissimilar to that described in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Belding tried the quality of their love for each other. The husband met with a heavy loss which coming as it did accompanied with several unpleasant circumstances, afflicted his mind deeply. All day long he had been anxious, disturbed and depressed. When night came, he turned his face homeward, and felt something like a cheerful light breaking in upon his mind as he thought of his wife and her ever ready smile and sweet ministrations. But there was an unexpected cloud upon her brow. Instead of pleasant words, he was met with complaints or the troubles of a domestic nature she had been compelled to endure through the day. At first he felt chilled. But he saw that Anna was really afflicted, and, so far from selfish anger, he felt instantly grieved for her and anxious to do something that would dispel the gloom that had settled upon her spirits. This desire almost made him forget his own anxieties. He listened with manifest interest to the story of her grievances; and, instead of calling them mere trifles, he sympathized with her, and suggested many things that her own mind took hold upon. After tea, he selected an interesting book and read for an hour while she sat sewing. The effect was good both upon his mind and her's. Their thoughts ranged away from themselves and became clear and more cheerful.

After the book was closed, Carson's mind went back to the occurrences of the day; and, quite unconsciously to himself, a shadow came over his face. He had been sitting silent for some time, when his wife lifted her eyes from her work and noted with concern the change.

"You are serious, dear. What is the matter?" she said, as she let her work fall in her lap and looked steadily in his face.

"Am I? I had forgotten myself. But I will be as cheerful as ever in a moment."

"Why should you not be so all the time? What is the matter, William? You look really troubled."

"I was only thinking of some little matters that worried my mind to-day. But I will dismiss them. They have no business here."

"Any thing that disturbs your mind has business here. I have told you my troubles, too freely perhaps, and now you must tell me yours."

Anna continued to urge her husband, and he at length told her of all that had happened during the day and how much it had dispirited him.

"And when you tried to leave all this behind, and came home for strength and peace, I met you with a gloomy face and a sad story of my own petty annoyances? How kind and forbearing you are! Would it have been any wonder if you had lost patience with me?"

"Do not chide yourself, Anna," returned her husband. "Your troubles were as real as mine; and I by no means despise them. Hereafter let us endeavor each to bear the trials of our peculiar spheres of action with patience, and then when we meet we shall strengthen each other's spirits to bear up and press onward with hope."

Thus they began their married life aright; and as months and years passed on with them, they drew closer and closer together, and all jarring strings became more and more attuned in harmony. Unlike Belding, Carson had not sought a perfect wife to make all life's paths pleasant for him to walk in, but one whom he could truly love, and for whose happiness he was willing to make many sacrifices. Many, however, he was not called upon to make; for his wife soon became as full of thoughtful regard for him as he had shown himself for her. Their lives soon ran along as one quiet current in which were few conflicting eddies.

Thus it is with all things in life. If we look to ourselves alone—if we think of ourselves alone, we shall meet with disappointments. But if we regard the good of others as well, we shall rarely miss attaining the end we seek and with it will come a blessing for our own hearts.

THE THREE BRIDES.

A THRILLING STORY.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side!—There sleep three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there sir, on yonder hill you may observe a little desolate house, with a straggling fence in front and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is now overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now you might hear the crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind, tearing the grey shingles off the roof. Many years ago there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable ground that belonged to it.

"The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and the enlightened. A few there

were, and amongst others, the minister, the lawyer and physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

"To the minister he would quote the fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with juris-prudence and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister, from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him, and by and by looked on the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. He instructed his son in all his lore, the language, literature, history, philosophy and science; were unfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

"Years rolled away, and the old man died.—He died when a storm convulsed the face of Nature; when the wind howled round the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the elements—I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a time as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few cold and hollow phrases in the ear, and a few neighbors impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but serenity upon his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

"He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool) of immortality.—Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion and from this region to send lays which astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won—and to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency—and to supply the void which the death of his father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, 'whatever has been done may still be done,' he did not despair of success.

"In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of

these young girls. Mary was the youngest and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive; but of the three Madeline, the eldest possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality.—Their father a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the field about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick; and after a few hours illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months, rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide at length he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell, in the mellow Autumn of the year, Adelaide, too sickened and died, like her youngest sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. She might have set upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, a proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in their veins descended from an hundred kings. She loved the widowed for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens, and the moment the third bride pronounced her vow a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. When arrived at his house she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of a maiden.

"When they were alone he clasped her hand; it was as cold as ice! He looked into her face—'Madeline,' said he 'what means this? your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown!' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. 'My wedding gown!' exclaimed she; 'no, no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I lost my own soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderess! She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug. Adelaide twined

her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison!—Take me to your arms; I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"And then," continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

"And the bridegroom?" asked I, "the husband of the destroyer and the victims—what became of him?"

"He stands before you!" was the thrilling answer.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

No. 2.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Brooklyn—the Navy-yard—Greenwood Cemetery—"Poor McDonald Clark"—Grace Church—the Battery—Ruins of the late fire—Bowling green fountain—Museum—Petrified human body—Egyptian mummy.

I WENT OVER to Brooklyn on Long Island not long since to see its pretty residences and visit the Navy-yard. Thirteen years ago Brooklyn numbered some thirteen thousand inhabitants. Its population now is not far from seventy thousand. What a rapid increase for thirteen years! yet when I looked at its residences—its streets shaded by locusts and weeping willows, and felt the pure air fanning my cheek, I did not wonder that men sought so pleasant a place wherein to build those quiet nests which we term "homes."

Many of the city merchants reside here and pass in the ferry boats to their homes thrice every day.

The Navy-yard is filled with all the apparatus of war—huge piles of cannon balls and engines of death all around. We found on the stocks two large seventy-fours and many vessels being repaired. I wished much to enter one of the large ships being built, but on a bar near the entrance was placed in large white letters, "No Admittance." A friend accompanying pointed to the inscription and turning to an honest looking son of the ocean asked if that was indeed a fact. On receiving a reply in the affirmative we very wisely contented ourselves with surveying the external appearance of the ship. I could not but hope as I stood there and gazed up, that such a noble vessel might never be sent on a mission of death-dealing, to any clime; but who can read the history of the future? Surely not man with his darkened eye!

Greenwood Cemetery is on this Island but I did not have time to visit it. This I much regretted for "Poor McDonald Clark" sleeps here under his marble monument. I inquired for Grace Church, where the poor poet used to worship and learned that it was being converted into a Chinese Museum, and a more splendid church was taking its place at the upper end of Broadway. I often think of this poor creature while wending my way through the crowded marts of this vast city and sigh over his lonely fate. Like one bewildered in his course he wandered on, but rests at last. Green be his grave in Greenwood!

As we came home from Brooklyn we loitered away an hour or two on the Battery. This to a lover of the sea is the Elysium of New-York. Its walks and seats are usually crowded and I do not wonder that from the hot and polluted air of the

streets many turn to feel the breath of Nature on their cheeks.

The ruins of the late fire stood black and crumbling as we passed them on our home-ward way. But workmen were busy, tearing down and rebuilding and soon I doubt not, huge towering brick walls glowing in the sunlight will take the place of this wide waste.

There is a beautiful fountain of water at Bowling green. It shoots upward many feet and then falls over a pile of ragged rocks. The sun was shining upon it and spanning it all over with rainbows. Fawns and swans live within the iron railing surrounding it, and these I think added greatly to the beauty of the scene.

I cannot close this desultory sketch about New-York and its environs without saying a few words on some curious specimens now being exhibited in the city museum. There is here a petrified human body exhumed in Canada in September, 1844 after having been buried twenty years. Decay did in some degree precede petrification for the hands have disappeared and the feet have crumbled. The body is of a dark color and is that (if I remember right) of a Mrs. Hutchinson. How little did she probably think while passing "through the dark valley of the shadow of Death," that after twenty years had rolled away that east-off garment of her soul was to be exhumed and exhibited to thousands exciting in all profound astonishment! She thought she was giving it back "to the dust whence it was taken," but it is hardened and stony now, destined to endure for aught I see in its present form until "the rocks shall melt with fervent heat." Can it be possible thought I, that this frame of stone was ever the tabernacle of a thinking soul? Did those still cold lips ever return the seal of affection or utter words of hatred and love? Were those arms busy in executing the task of domestic life and those limbs in chasing even as we do "Life's shadowy forms about?"

I turned from the coffin of that stony one and close beside it an Egyptian Mummy wrapped up in bandages stood black and withered. For a moment I exulted in the idea that Egyptian art of embalming was lost to the world. Who would wish to have their body destined to such a strange immortality! not I! Oh, no, not I! Let me be buried in some green retreat where the crimson wild-flower may nod in the wind and the butterfly pause to rest its silken wing unscared.—Where upon the maple bough the bird will sing all day long beside her little ones and the stream send up its glad murmur as it glides over the shining pebbles. There let the friends who have loved me come and sit while Faith with her silvery voice shall whisper by their sides, "not here but risen."

Around these wrecks of humanity is life and seeming life in every form. From an adjoining rooms where comedies were being enacted, the laugh of the gay rang like painful discord on my ear.—How strangely blended are scenes sometimes found! The wax-figure of England's young and almost idolized queen stood in its robes of golden tissue, while not far off was that of poor Polly Bodine.—How differently situated are these two individuals at the present time and yet they are both flesh and blood, emanations from the same Hand Divine. The former is seated upon a throne and ruling over a realm on which the sun never sets. She is surrounded by fawning courtiers and her slightest wish

is more than anticipated. Gold clothed and fed on the nectar of life. The latter is dragging out a miserable existence in one of the tombs awaiting the time when she shall be tried and probably condemned for dipping her hand in the blood of her kindred. She is shunned by all save those who view her with the eye of curiosity. Hour after hour glides over her and who shall tell what agony may wring her soul! Her pale face and keen black eye—her slender form in its faded calico dress looked little like the young queen's eye of blue and full form cased in satin and gold—

Had Polly Bodine been born with

"Half a realm exchequer on her head,"

who can tell what her history would have been? Do not circumstances in a great degree mould the individual's character—I do not know the early history of this wretched creature, or under what moral influences she was surrounded in her childhood. But I am half of Mrs. Child's opinion—"Society oftentimes makes the criminal it punishes."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

MUTATIONS OF TIME.

CHANGE and decay are written on all Earthly things. Nature is composed of changes. Though the sun rises and sets as at the dawn of creation, and the Planetary system remains unchanged, yet all things Earthly are changing. Generations live—die and their names sink into oblivion. Where are the heroes of ages past—long since they have passed away. They whom nations pay homage at their feet, while the earth resounded with the terror of their arms, have returned to dust; like the fiery meteor coursing through the heavens, 'tis but seen, ere it vanishes in darkness.

Fleeting, indeed are all things human. Nations have risen, flourished and declined, and left no trace behind to tell their origin. Babylon, Greece, Rome and Carthage exist but in name. Their Temples, Palaces and sanctuaries have crumbled into dust and only a remnant remains of their former glory; also in this western world, relics remain obscured by the dim mist of ages past, of a mighty people that existed centuries ago. They too have passed away and left no trace behind of their existence; save ruins of cities, numerous mounds and fortifications. Time had laid its inhabitants in the dust and left not one to tell their history—a subject of enquiry and speculation to future generations. Time lays his palsied hand on all things, both animate and inanimate; since then we all to time must bow, how much wiser to prepare for a happier world to come.

"Where the weary find rest on that heavenly shore,
And where sighing and sorrow forever are o'er."

MISCELLANY.

THE TIME TO DIE—AN EXTRACT.

BY THEOPHILUS FISK.

Look at that smooth and bloodless brow of one of earth's loveliest daughters, borne back to her natal bowers from a long pilgrimage, search of the lost treasure—health. Like a pale perishing blossom, she is laid in all her fading beauty, down in the home of her guileless infancy, amidst the happy scenes to which her memory fondly clung. The hopes that had nestled in the heart of many a

faithful friend, had one by one departed as they marked the hectic spot upon the wan and pallid cheek, the thin attenuated fingers of the tiny hand, the faltering step, the sunken eye—these told in solemn language that the time was rapidly approaching when they must prepare the coffin and the shroud.

A few months only had passed, since she stood before the altar, a laughing, blushing bride, her slight and fragile form surrounded by troops of admiring friends. Her name is changed, she returns to her father's house but to leave it for a land of strangers. Ah! little did they think, on that day when tears and smiles were mingled—when they looked upon that bright face with its beaming joy and youthful pride, that its glow was lighted with the fevered breath of the treacherous disease—consumption. Little did the father think when he left a tear of mingled joy and sorrow upon her cheek at parting, that she was so soon to be borne back to the home of her youth in comfortless sorrow.

Death regards not a father's love, nor a husband's grief—she is laid in her shrouded beauty 'neath the spreading cypress of her native hills, in calm, unbroken painless sleep. She has seen the moonlight resting upon her native valleys for the last time—the sun to her gilds the hill-tops no more. The spirit emancipated like the beautiful champion of childhood, and the comforting associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, minister, poet and eloquent man derive sublime power from its influence.

THE DEACON'S EXPERIMENT.

IN the town of W——, in this state, while Elder K. was preaching on the forenoon of the Sabbath, a few years since, a Mr. C**** rose, and asked leave to tell his experience. The Elder desired him to wait till the sermon was over, which he did. When the Amen was pronounced, he sprang upon his feet and began to relate a religious experience of some twenty odd years. The past half year having taken up more time than the sermon, the Elder became impatient, and tried in vain to stop him. The congregation were also out of patience, and several who knew him ventured to ask him to postpone what he had to say until after dinner, but to no purpose. At length Deacon True walked up to him, and putting his hand gently upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear. "Brother C. I want to speak a word to you in private," and turning round walked directly out of the door; but looking back over his shoulder as he crossed the threshold, Mr. C. with great simplicity cried, "Deacon it's no use—I hav'nt got a cent of money—and the old colt is dead." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Brother C. had bought a colt of the deacon a few months before, and that he supposed the "word in private" was to dun him for the pay. Though Sunday, the congregation broke up in a row of laughter. *Knickerbocker.*

PATRICK'S COLT.

WHEN my grand-father resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the black colt. "Don't come home without him," said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some

time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received rough treatment. "Why, Patrick what's the matter, what in the name of wonder ails you?" "An' faith isn't it me yer honor, that never'll catch the ould black colt again? bad luck to him! An' didnt he all but scratch the eyes out of me head? An' faith, as thrue as me soul's me own, I had to climb up a three afther the colt!"—"Climb a tree afther him? Nonsense where is the beast?" "An' its tied to the three, he is to be shure yer honor." We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found to our no small amazement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching, after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as "Patrick's colt."

A FABLE.

"FATHER of men and beasts!" said the horse, approaching the throne of Jupiter, "it is said of me, that I am one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and self love incites me to believe the character just; yet in some particulars, my appearance might admit of improvement?"

"Of what kind? Inform me. I am willing to receive instruction," said the father of all and smiled.

"I would probably run better," replied the steed, "if my legs were longer and more slender; a neck like a swan would be more becoming; a wider chest would improve my strength; and since thou hast ordained me to carry thy darling man, might I not have a natural saddle growing upon my back instead of that with which the well meaning rider confines me?"

"Have patience," resumed the God; and with an awful voice, pronounced his creative word. Life darted into the dust, inert matter became alive; organized members were formed; they were joined in one constant body; and before the throne arose the hideous Camel! The horse shuddered, and shook with terror.

"See," said Jupiter, "longer and more slender legs; a neck like that of a swan; and a large chest; and a natural saddle. Would you choose to have *such* a shape?" The horse quaked with extreme aversion.

"Go," continued the God, "take counsel from this event; be henceforth satisfied with your condition; and in order to remind you of the warning you have now received"—so saying he cast on the camel a preserving look. "Live" said he "new inhabitant of the world! and may the horse never see thee but with trembling aversion."

MORAL.—When the votaries of fashion disfigure themselves with artificial humps and similar improvements on nature, they ought to reflect a moment how far they would feel gratified, if those voluntary disfigurements were changed into real flesh and blood.

POVERTY A BLESSING.

THE Rev. Mr. ——— having been on a visit to one of his poor Scotch parishioners, who was taken ill, and being about to take his leave, held out his hand to the object of his visit, who pressed it affectionately, and at the same time thanking his pastor

for his kind solicitude about his soul's welfare, and in conclusion said:

"God grant ye sir, great abundance of poverty here, and a double portion o't through a' eternity."

"What!" said the astonished clergyman, "do you wish me to become poor?"

"Wi' a' me heart, sir," answered the old man seriously—"ye ken a hundred times an' mair, have ye tauld me that poverty was a blessing, an' I'm sure there's nae I could wish to see better blessed than yourself."

A solemn pause ensued. At length the minister said, with an air of touching humility, which showed he felt the full force of the cutting reproof—

"Well James, I confess I never tho't seriously on that point until this moment—poverty *cannot* be a blessing, it is at best a *misfortune*."

LET GO MY HAIR.

An old pastor once stated that in the whole course of fifty years preaching, he never laughed but three times in the pulpit, during the exercises of the Sabbath. On one of the occasions the following occurrence took place.

The pews of the church were these old fashioned square ones, so that people in different pews often set back to back, merely separated by a low railing for a division.

Now it fell out one Sabbath that two old deacons, in two contiguous pews, had fallen into profound meditation, and thrown their heads back until their two occupants with their long queues dangling therefrom had met together, and were quietly reposing for the benefit of the aforesaid internal meditations. There were some wicked people present, who scandalously insinuated that the two deacons were asleep, but I looked upon it as a mere persecution for righteousness sake. However, there was an awful depraved young man in the third pew, that cornered upon the two where the deacons were meditating, and what does this sacrilegious sinner do? Why he takes the dangling queues aforesaid and softly ties them closely and firmly together. And then, as if that were not enough to send him to perdition, he takes a pin and cruelly sticks it into one of the deacons.

"Let go my hair!" cried deacon number one.

"Let go my hair!" cried deacon number two.

'Twas now twitch and twitch! hit and hit—but the conclusion must be left to the reader's imagination.

JUVENILITY.

The editor of a Vermont paper has been much amused at what he terms the juvenility of a little boy of his acquaintance; he was about going to bed, and was kneeling at his mother's feet, with his hands clasped between hers, as she recited to him the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated after her—"Our father which art in heaven," "Our father which are in heaven," "Hallowed be thy name," "Hallowed be thy name," "Give us this day our daily bread," "Give us this day our daily—Oh! mammy, let's ask for cakes."

MECHANICS.

THEY are the palace builders of the world: not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its fitness and beauty to the mechanic's skill: the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and

strength for their symmetry beauty, and fair proportions: there is no article of comfort or of pleasure, but what bears the impress of their handy-work. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dare to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men? who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race! Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

It was a beautiful turn given by a lady, who being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the Governor, who told her that nothing but confession where she had hidden him, could save her from torture. "And will that do?" "Yes,"—replied the Governor—"I will pass my word for your safety on that condition." "Then," said she "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed the Governor, and procured her husband's pardon.

FAIR DIVISION.—Three gentlemen, meeting to sup at a tavern, one of them called for partridges. A brace was accordingly brought, which he was requested to carve. On this, he took one to himself, leaving the other for his friends. "Stop, Sir," cried one of them; "I hardly think this is fair." "Perfectly fair, my dear Sir," said the gentleman; "You perceive there is *one* for *you* two, and *one* for *me*, too!"

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.—A gentleman last week, got into a Broadway stage in which were ten pretty girls. Upon ascending the steps, he paused for a moment dazzled with the beauty before him. "There is room, sir; sit down," said one of the amiable ladies. "I thank you," said the gentleman getting in; "I thought of getting into an omnibus, but I have entered paradise!"

JUVENILE PRECOCITY.—The St. Louis Organ, tells the story of a boy of that city caught by an old fellow swinging upon his gate. "Clear out from there, boy, or I'll set the dog on you," shouted the man at the top of his voice. "Old stick-in-the-mud—you 'aint got no dog!" responded the little shaver. The last seen of the man he was hunting for a brick-bat.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year is upon us—we have run another round of Time, and cut another notch in the tally-stick, on which is kept the account of our onward progress to Eternity. The New Year opens with swelling hopes and bright anticipations to many, as the Old Year, that has just passed, did before it—hopes and anticipations which have been crushed and blasted with the many and realized with the few. It is worth our while to reflect upon passing events at the close of the Old, and the commencement of the New Year, and as we turn our eye back over the year that is passed, thousands and thousands of unwished-for and unlooked-for, and dreaded events, as unwished-for and unexpected at the present moment as they were one year since, have taken place—dreadful conflagrations—sweeping tornadoes—storms and shipwrecks: ah! who does not recollect the wrecking of the steam-boat Swallow in

the Hudson opposite our city in the month of April last? Who that heard the agonizing screams, the piercing cries and supplications for aid that were wafted across the water to our ears, from on board that ill-fated steamer, that does not remember them still? Many there were that night, who laid themselves upon the river's bed to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" till "the sea shall give back her dead," who but a few short moments before were blooming with health and vigor. The year now opened, perhaps is pregnant with other calamities as terrible as this; but it behooves us not to look upon the dark side of futurity—the opening year is bright before us, we have friends around us—the necessities and comforts of life and the smiles of Providence about us;—then let us drop a tear to the memory of the Past and look forward to the coming year with Hope in our hearts, trusting our destiny in future to the hands of Him who "governs all things."

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE first number of Graham's American Monthly Magazine is before us and a splendid one it is. It begins with the richest Title Page, we ever saw, then a view of Washington at the Battle of Princeton, and a sweet mezzotint, the Young Cavalier by Sartain. As for its contents—the best way is to subscribe for it and judge for one's self. It is the first number of a new Volume, and we doubt not but W. H. Graham, Agent, Tribune Building New-York, will be very happy to answer any calls for it, written or verbal—Terms \$3 per annum.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

We have received the first number of Vol. fifth of the Columbian Magazine. It is embellished with two beautiful engravings, together with a splendid Fashion Plate. Its contents are of the highest order and must continue so, as long as its contributors are such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, &c. Terms \$3 per annum in advance. Edited by John Inman and Robert A. West, New-York, Israel Post, Publisher, 140 Nassau St.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. W. D. South Williamstown, Ms. \$1.00; C. H. C. New ark, O. \$1.00; D. G. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.50; C. F. A. Bethlehem, Ct. \$3.00; R. C. Roudout, N. Y. \$3.00; T. D. Salisbury, Ct. \$1.00; V. T. Jr. Williamfield, O. \$3.00; O. C. W. Hill-dale, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. C. E. Ridgeway, N. Y. \$6.00; H. M. D. Broad Brook, Ct. \$1.00; A. T. H. Centre Cambridge, N. Y. \$2.00; T. R. A. Otsego, N. Y. \$1.00; P. T. Potter, N. Y. \$3.00; H. M. Deer River, N. Y. \$2.00; G. A. A. Lysander, N. Y. \$3.00; H. L. M. Yorkshure, N. Y. \$3.00; R. M. G. Moriah, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. Windham, O. \$1.00; Mrs. E. W. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Sandisfield, Ms. \$1.00; L. D. Truxton, N. Y. \$3.00; G. D. P. Upper Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.50; D. H. Jefferson, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. Dean's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss E. C. Greensboro', Vt. \$1.00; C. W. C. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; B. T. W. Horicon, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss J. L. Northeast, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. B. Fletcher, N. Y. \$3.00; L. C. Copake, N. Y. \$3.00; Col. J. S. Hoffman's Gate, N. Y. \$1.00.



In this city, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bunker, Mr. Amiel Folger, to Miss Elizabeth K. Crossman.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Capt. Henry J. Howland, of Athens, to Miss Mary, daughter of Samuel Miller, of this city.

We wish them much joy and a happy New-Year—Our thanks too for sending a part of their cheer.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Jeremiah Day, to Miss Sophia Clow, both of Athens, Greene Co. N. Y.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. John Potts, to Miss Sarah Jane Schermerhorn, both of Hudson.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. John Spanburgh, of Greenport, to Miss Maria Blasco, of Johnstown.

At the same time and place, Mr. Joseph Carroll, to Miss Mary Jane Spanburgh, both of Hudson.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. T. Ellis, Mr. T. W. Craft, to Miss Morothy M. Hodgeboom, all of Ghent.

On the 16th ult. by the same, Mr. E. H. Stevan, to Miss Eveline J. Decker, all of Canaan, N. Y.

At Claverack, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. M. L. Fuller, Mr. Samuel P. Coon, of Taghikanic, to Miss Mary Ann Gidding, of the former place.

In Mellenville, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. James Vanderpool, to Miss Mary Ann Shuver, both of Harlemville.

On the 27th ult. Mr. David Miller, of Greenport, to Miss Eliza C. Edwards, of Athens.



At Claverack, on the 21st ult. Mrs. A. Douglass, mother of Henry C. Miller, Esq. of this city, in the 82d year of her age. In Great Barrington, on the 18th ult. Capt. Henry L'Hon medien, formerly of this city, aged 84 years.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY C. W. BRYAN.

My Childhood's Home—how sweet the sound—
 My Childhood's Home;
 On earth no other place is found
 Like Childhood's Home.
 When memory turns to by-gone years
 And wakes anew,
 And from my mind its dimness clears,
 And brings to view
 The scenes of youth, ere time had wrought
 Upon my heart;
 Ere yet in life I had been brought
 To act a part.
 Yes, sweet the sound—the memory sweet
 Of Childhood's Home;
 Ere yet my restless, wandering feet
 Had learned to roam.
 The happy scenes of youthful days
 Now past recall;
 My childish haunts and sports and plays,
 Are one and all
 Dear to me now, and when my soul
 Is racked with pain,
 When waves of trouble o'er me roll,
 I turn again,
 And view my by-gone happy years—
 My Childhood's Home;
 Then to my eyes unhidden tears,
 Doth freely come.
 'Tis sweet to muse, (though tears may start)
 On youthful days,
 Ere yet had turned my tender heart
 To error's ways.
 When nought but youthful happiness
 Reigned in my breast,
 And on my heart no cares did press,
 Then I was blest;
 And though these scenes are passed fore'er
 I now would fain,
 Bring happy Childhood's hours near,
 And live them o'er again.

Hudson, January, 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE WORKS OF NATURE

THE works of Nature, O! how great,
 How curious every little form:
 The *smallest* insect that we hate—
 The reed that bendeth to the storm.
 The spire of grass—the blooming rose,
 The modest lily as it stands,
 All join together and each shows
 The benignant works of Nature's hand.
 The little bird who with its song
 Makes gloomy woods with music ring;
 The gushing stream that rolls along
 Heedless alike of every thing.
 The steep and rocky mount so high,
 Together with the plain below;
 The roaring wind that passes by
 All Nature's mighty workings show.
 But yet some nobler things than these
 Nature has formed, the *man* she made:
 That one who *thinks*, who *hears* and *sees*,
 And has a *soul* within him laid.
 She made the sun who with its rays,
 E'er lights this earth on which we've trod;
 So let us raise a voice of praise,
 From Nature, up to Nature's God.

Schenectady, Dec. 1845.

SAMUEL.

From the Yankee Blade.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

WHEN guileless infancy has spread
 Its spotless pinions o'er thy head,
 And decked with innocence thy bed—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When childhood's gentle hand has prest
 Its fairy signet on thy breast,
 And lulled thy infant woes to rest—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When buoyant youth has fired thy soul,
 And restless passions scorn control;
 When priceless hours uncounted roll—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When pleasure lures with specious wile,
 And ardent hopes thy breast beguile;
 When all around thee seem to smile—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When faithful friendship cheers thy heart,
 And bids corroding grief depart;
 When love has pierced thee with his dart—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When sterner manhood leaves behind
 The toys of youth, and seeks to find
 Amusement for the deathless mind—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When thou hast scaled the tower of fame
 And wrote on glory's scroll thy name—
 When countless tongues thy praise proclaim—
 'Tis not the time to die.

When all thy hoarded wealth has fled,
 When friends are numbered with the dead,
 And sorrows swarm around thy head—
 'Tis then the time to die.

When weary age has dimmed the light
 That shone around thy pathway bright,
 And thy fair day has changed to night—
 'Tis then the time to die.

When holy hope expands the breast,
 And points thee to the place of rest
 Within the mansions of the blest—
 O, then, 'tis time to die!

W. A. B.

From the Columbian Magazine.

ESPERE TOUJOURS.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I SAW her in the brilliant hall,
 Where lips light flattery wear;
 Her form was fairest in the dance,
 Her step the lightest there.
 Sweet happiness was in her eye,
 And peace upon her brow;
 And this, I said, is woman's faith,
 And woman's fickle vow.

She did not greet my anxious gaze,
 As oft in days of old;
 There was no kindness in her tone,
 Her words were brief and cold.
 I turned away with angered soul,
 Nor met her eye again;
 I could have braved a glance of hate,
 But not such calm disdain.

I knew not that I had wrung her heart,
 But dreamed not thus to be
 Unworthy of one gentle thought,
 And scorned in memory.
 With hasty step I left the hall—
 Her equal still in pride;
 And strove, beneath a careless mein,
 My bitter thoughts to hide.

But sickness fell upon my frame;
 A stranger where I dwelt,
 Few gathered round the couch of pain,
 Few for the sufferer felt.
 The friends that I had deemed most true
 Turned wearily away;
 I did not crave their sympathy,
 Nor ask their cold delay.

Yet 'neath delirium's maddening thrill
 A spirit lingered nigh;
 That softly fanned my aching brow,
 And drank my fevered sigh.
 A hand oft lingered on my own,
 A sweet voice in mine ear;
 Though life seemed like some fading dream,
 The vision still was clear.

When reason dawned upon my soul,
 The pitying gaze I met
 Of eyes that late had flashed in scorn,
 With tender tears now wet.
 And since, when in that faithful heart,
 The firmest truth I rest;
 I feel there is no truth like that
 Which glows in woman's breast.

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